

Sam's Journey

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Summary: Samuel-034, a Spartan-II super soldier killed in action over Chi Cheti IV wakes up on Tuchanka, forced to take on the Reapers with Shepard how will the young soldier handle thing?

1. Chapter 1

**A/N; So, i had this idea, a completely new one that i have not seen done before, well that's not entirely true, i mean how many times have we seen Master Chief or Noble Six be transported to the ME 'verse? well taking the premise of those stories i decided to make one of my own only i chose a different character, if you've read the Halo books you'll know him, if not... i would suggest looking up Samuel-034 on the halo wikia. **

* * *

><p>Location: In orbit of Chi Cheti IV, Chi Cheti System

Covenant Frigate **_Unyielding**_

Date: November 27**th**** 2525 (Military Calendar)**

Sam watched as John and Kelly fled the alien ship, his side hurt, he had taken the shot meant for John, the green plasma had burnt a hole straight through his new armour and had ruptured the vacuum seal, meaning he would not be able to escape the alien frigate, the ANVIL-II missiles would go off in a minute, he realised that he would be the first Spartan-II to die in combat, he offered to stay behind and cover John and Kelly's retreat and to cover the missiles,

He fired another burst from his assault rifle at the bird like aliens; they fell to floor with a squawk, dead, he checked the time on his Heads-Up Display; thirty seconds to go, he had more than enough ammo for his rifle and side arm to last him that long, he

looked back down the purple alien hallway to see it empty save for the dead bodies of the aliens that had tried to kill him,

Sam almost wished for some more of the ugly bird like aliens to come at him, the waiting and doing nothing before he died was going to kill him first, the timer slowly ticked down,

10â€¦|

9â€¦|

8â€¦|

7â€¦|

6â€¦|

He checked over his armour, apart from the hole the overpowered green plasma bolt had created the armour was still in perfect condition, he hoped the UNSC would win the war against these new aliens, although he doubted it deep down but he still prayed that his brothers and sisters would live to see the end of the war, or at least survive,

3â€¦|

2â€¦|

1â€¦|

Sam steeled himself, took a deep breath and closed his eyes; this was it for him, his journey ended here; on an alien ship making sure the warheads detonated and saving the _Commonwealth_,

0â€¦|

Everything went white as the ANVIL-II missiles detonated in the alien ships reactor, causing it to explode, destroying the purple vessel, Sam felt weightless like he was in space, he couldn't hear anything only a persistent white noise ringing in his ears, after what felt like forever things slowly darkened, eventually becoming black and leaving Sam to wonder if this is what Slip-space felt like, he knew it was a daft notion as Slip-space would destroy anything smaller than a Corvette,

* * *

><p>Location: Unknown

Date: Unknown

The feeling of weight slowly returned, Sam frowned and then frowned even harder as he realised he could still frown, if he was dead why could he still frown and feel weight? Or was this all normal for being dead?

He slowly opened his eyes, nothing; it was still black, there was nothing, the noise in his ears faded at a snail's pace, he tried to move but he felt like he weighed a ton, when the whistling stopped he

could hear the muffled rustle of leaves in the wind along with voices andâ€¦ gunfire! He didn't recognise the sound of the weapons but there was gunfire nonetheless, he tried to move but his arms still refused to respond along with his legs, he then remembered the MJOLNIR armour, Dr Halsey had said it was essentially another part of yourself, he tried to think about moving but it did nothing, his vision was still black, he thought about turning the suit on, it worked, his HUD slowly flickered on and he saw the sky; it was bright although thick clouds blanketed the sky, a small Geiger counter on his HUD showed minor traces of radiation, not that it mattered, his suit was more than capable of withstanding solar radiation in deep space the trace amounts he was picking up,

His HUD showed his armour status as the software rebooted and the power pack came to full power, he was confused, surely he should be dead, standing in front of the pearly gate of heaven or waiting to be judged by Allah, not lying on the ground waiting for his armour to reboot and looking at an orange cloud filled sky, he heard the voices again but even his incredible hearing couldn't make out what they were saying, he could still hear the gunfire but it was starting to slow down a bit, the fire fight was coming to an end, he tried to move again, his arm came in to view and he looked at his hand before lowering it and pushing himself upright,

What he saw left him speechless, a large horrendous monster that had a claw for one arm, it looked partially organic but at the same time looked like a synthetic body, he felt the ground shake and the a large roar filled the air and drowned out all other noise, the monster was surrounded by what looked like robotic zombies from one of the old films blue team used to steal off Tango company during training, he looked for where the noise had come from but he couldn't see anything, except old buildings that were obviously abandoned and seemed to be very old, Sam couldn't recognise the designs, the buildings were alien, just like the weird monster things, which hadn't seen him yet,

He looked round again to see his rifle on the ground next to him, reaching over he grabbed it and activated the weapons miniature power pack that lit up the ammo counter and several small yellow lights along its length, it was fully loaded and Sam smiled a bit at that, if that monster thing turned out to be hostile, which he was betting it would be, he would take it down,

He got up slowly, trying not to make any noise; he hid behind a pillar or part of a wall that had collapsed centuries ago and moved closer to the creatures, the gunfire had stopped and the voices were getting closer, to him they seemed almost desperate, like they were in a rush to either get somewhere or to get away from something, he moved closer still to the horrible monsters and prepared to jump.

* * *

><p>Location: Tuchanka, Aralakh System

En route to Shroud Facility

Date: July 28**th**** 2186**

Commander Meredith Shepard was one of the most famous people in the galaxy, not only because of her actions during the Skyllian Blitz but

also because she had become the first human spectre, she had defeated Saren and his Geth along with Sovereign, she had died and come back to life, used Cerberus to defeat the Collectors beyond the Omega-4 Relay and her most recent venture had been to destroy the Bahak system to stop the Reapers from gaining access to the galaxy wide Relay network, instead they were forced to enter the galaxy using conventional FTL travel; buying the galaxy a whole six months, unfortunately that time came at a cost; 300,000 Batarians had died by her hand, now that the galaxy was facing extinction at the hands of the ancient synthetic ships she was leading the charge against them,

Her current mission was simple; cure the Genophage, if she did that then the Krogan would start sending in troops to Palaven, taking pressure off of the slowly crumbling Turian Fleet and Army, not only that her old friend Wrex had promised Krogan support when they went to liberate Earth, this was why her most trusted companion and most trusted friend Garrus Vakarian along with the Marine Lieutenant James Vega and herself were pretty much running head first at a Reaper Destroyer, the plan was simple, crazy but simple; they would lure Kalros, mother of all Thresher maws to the Reaper and— well she didn't know what would happen then only that she would probably want to be as far away as possible,

The three of them moved forward towards the Shroud facility, fighting everything from the simple Husks and Cannibals to the deformed Rachni Ravagers, it was just after defeating a small group of the zombie like Husks that she heard the Reaper let out a roar, the Krogan must have been pissing it off, that was good, it meant that it would be concentrating on them and not the two Humans and Turian that were busy trying to sneak up in the massive thing,

"_Shepard, I have detected an abnormal energy signature four hundred meters ahead of your position," _EDI radioed her, Shepard raised an eyebrow slightly, _Wonder what caused that_, she thought,

"Come on, could be worth checking out," she said to her teammates, Garrus nodded in agreement,

"You sure Commander? Could be a reaper trap," James pointed out,

"Still, if EDI thought it was worth mentioning then it could be important," Garrus replied, the three of them made their way there, as they approached the coordinates they quickly slipped into cover,

"A Brute and at least a dozen Husks, great" Garrus reported,

"Great, maybe you were right Vega," Meredith said, "Doesn't look like they've seen us yet, maybe we can sneak around," James nodded, Meredith looked at Garrus, expecting him to nod but instead he was busy aiming down the sights of his trusty sniper rifle, a frown on his avian face,

"Garrus?" she questions,

"I got something, sneaking up on the Brute, don't know what it is though," he replied in a low whisper, Meredith quickly switched to her sniper to see if she could see what her partner in crime could,

but she didn't have toâ€¦|

* * *

><p>Location: Unknown

Date: Unknown

Sam jumped up over the collapsed column and rolled into a crouched firing stance, a few short bursts from his assault rifle dropped a three of the zombie things, his aim was as precise as ever, not missing a single shot, the rest turned to face him and charged at him, the large monster roared at him, Sam noticed that it didn't seem to have a mouth, whatever it was wasn't natural that was for sure, he took down four more of the zombies before they got too close, he smashed the butt of his rifle into one of the zombies face causing it to implode, the weak bone like stuff it was made of was useless at stopping the Spartans melee attacks, the zombies were dead so quickly he figured they must have been some sort of cannon fodder, used in large groups but even then he found them easy to deal with, that left only the monster, it had stayed back, waiting for him to be worn down by the pathetic zombies before making its move, it let out another roar and charged him, its shoulder was low, prepared to ram him, Sam ran at the thing as fast as he could firing the rest of his clip into the monster, most of the rounds bounced off the armour, the rest of the rounds embedded themselves in the weak flesh like substance beneath the armour and around the neck,

When the monster was about to hit him Sam jumped, using the things arm as a ledge he vaulted over the beast, he flipped forward mid-air and landed, he skidded to a halt, turned and faced the thing again, it too had stopped but was still turning round, Sam reloaded his rifle and fired away at the thing unarmoured back, the armour piercing rounds tore through the thing, Sam fired the entire thirty two round clip into it before it collapsed to the ground, dead.

He reloaded his rifle and checked his ammo, he still had plenty but he would have to use it sparingly until he got back to the UNSC, but first he had to figure out where exactly he was, than he would be able to get home.

* * *

><p>Location: Tuchanka, Aralakh System

En route to Shroud Facility

Date: July 28**th**** 2186**

Shepard watched as the green mech like thing jumped out of cover and took out three Husks before they even reacted to its presence, as the rest of the Husks charged the mech it took down four more before obliterating the rest in hand to hand, Meredith's mouth was a gape as she watched the mech move far faster than anything she had ever seen, when the Husks were taken care of it turned its attention to the Brute, when the Brute charged it the mech charge back, jumped over, did a flip, skidded to a halt and reloaded its rifle before the Brute even knew what had happened, the large mech quickly killed the Brute by shooting it in the back, the Brute's weak spot,

"Whoa, that was crazy," James whispered, Shepard had to agree, Brutes were usually a lot harder to kill than that, the mech reloaded again and checked itself over, Meredith looked the mech over herself and saw it had a nasty looking burn on its chest, she then saw something that made her frown, on its chest was the number '034' in black, that meant it not only must be a human mech but there was at least thirty three others as well, it was also tall, very tall, it looked to be just under eight foot tall, its face was a single gold plate, but there was something about it that told her it wasn't a mech, the way it had moved so fluidly and had reacted to the Brute and the way it checked it self physically rather than run a system check,

'_Maybeâ€| nah it couldn't be could it?' _she thought, '_No, humans don't get that big, or move that fast,' _

Garrus fidgeted slightly, he had his sniper trained on the things head, all she had to do was say so and he would blow a hole in its head,

"You want me to take it out Shepard?" he asked quietly, not wanting to alert the thing to their presence, as soon as he spoke the mech thing snapped its rifle up and aimed towards them, it moved slowly in their direction,

"Come out, nice and slow," it ordered, it had a male voice that soundedâ€| real, not synthetic, Garrus and Vega looked at her questioningly, she hesitated then nodded, her gut told her it would be okay, plus if she could get it to help fight the Reapers, it would be useful as hell,

"Okay, we're coming out now," She said loudly before slowly coming out of the cover she was behind, she may not have known it at the time but she had just changed the course of history and the fate of the galaxy.

* * *

><p>AN; so if you decide not to take may advice and not look up Sam than you'll probably wonder a few things, i mean i know there a few of you who prefer ME over Halo so you might not be all that familiar with Halo lore, so other stories the Spartan that travels between universes has energy shields and years of combat experience, i choose a Spartan without those, Sam died in 2525, before shields were put on the Mjolnir, that and he died before the Covenant war really got ugly, i mean he died during the first military engagement against them outside of the fall of Harvest (Cole hasn't retaken it yet).**

right if you want another Spartan to join Sam, leave a name, it can be any Spartan-II, no III's or IV's though, or Jorge, he's been done as well.

**If you're wondering about my other stories than fear not, for 'First Contact' (anyone else notice the new story with the EXACT same name? i'm a little unsure what to do regarding that) i am about half way through the next chapter, just trying to get it right you know? its a little bit trick as i'm gonna have haters no matter what i do with it but im trying to minimize that, so yeah tell me what you think of this story. **

2. Chapter 2

****A/N; here you go, chapter two.****

*** * ***

><p>Location Unknown

****Date Unknown****

Sam watched the three peopleâ€”scratch that, two people and an alien come out of cover, the leader of the group, a woman with dark red hair and pale green eyes wore an almost skin tight armour piece, the dark colours made it look similar to an ODSB BDU. The second person, a man, wore bulky armour that looked almost like the standard Marine BDU although it wasn't quite. The last one, the alien, was the tallest of the group and wore bulky camouflaged armour; its face had a nasty looking scar that ran from the side of its face and down its neck and below the armour, Sam guessed it went on down its barrelled chest.

"Listen, were on the same side here and I really need to get a move on and finish my mission," the woman said, her voice was demanding but not overly so,

"So? Who are you, where are we and what is your 'mission'?" Sam asked, the woman barely hesitated in answering, apparently she was either a good liar or she trusted people one hundred per cent all of the time, neither of which seemed like a good way to live life to Sam.

"I'm Commander Shepard, this is Lieutenant Vega," she said pointing to herself and then the other human, "and this is Garrus Vakarian," she finished by pointing the alien who was eyeing Sam cautiously, Sam noted the alien, Garrus, stood a little closer to the Commander than the Lieutenant.

"We're on Tuchanka, the Krogan home world and we're here to cure the Genophage," she said, there was so many thing that weren't adding up that it made Sam's head spin but he decided he needed information, the way she spoke about those things, the 'Genophage' and 'Krogan', made it seem like he was meant to know what she meant, so he decided to wing it.

"Right, fine but I want to join you," he said, he noted the look of surprise flash on all three faces, the Lieutenant seemed highly against the idea but said nothing, the alien looked slightly anxious while the Commander kept a straight face, it took a moment before she answered, Sam, Garrus and the Lieutenant were all looking at her, waiting.

"Okay, fine. But, only until we get off of Tuchanka, after that I'll let Admiral Hackett decide what to with you," she said finally,

"Commander!" the Lieutenant said indignantly, "Stow it James," she replied quickly.

XX

****Location- Tuchanka, Aralakh system, ****

****Date-July 28, 2186****

Meredith studied the large green figure, its voice was deep but it had a certain youth to it that couldn't be faked, whoever it was beneath all that armour was one hell of a soldier, the type of soldier that Admiral Hackett would need on the front lines against Cerberus and the Reapers.

She agreed to have him tag along simply because of the way he had easily dispatched of the reaper forces, plus against Cerberus his size alone would add a certain amount of psychological effect that would work in his favour.

"What's your name? After all you know ours so what do we call you?" she asked, the man's golden visor turned to face her and she found herself staring at her own reflection,

"Petty Officer Second Class- 034, sir," he replied, offering nothing else.

"Well than, let's go Petty Officer," she motioned towards the path that would take them to the Reaper Destroyer, the four of them made quick progress although Shepard could tell her companions were cautious around him, their eyes kept darting to make sure he wasn't about to shoot them in the back. Although she had to admit that she was a little nervous herself.

When they made it to the final stretch things got dicey, more reaper forces appeared to stop them, the Petty Officer, 034, used his odd weapon to tear them apart, he only hesitated for the briefest of moments when he first saw the Reaper. He said nothing during the trip, only replying to orders with a quick 'yes sir', he didn't make any comments throughout the run.

As they approached their final obstacle, a weak looking bridge, the Reaper let out an earth shattering mechanical roar, just as Shepard and her team jumped over the weak spot in the bridge the Destroyer fired, a red beam of liquid metal struck the ground beneath the bridge, the resulting explosion caused the team and their cling on to fly through the air, landing on the smouldering rubble that had been a bridge.

"Everyone okay?" she asked, Garrus was fine he had a few more scars to add to the collection but was no worse for wear,

"I just got shot by a Reaper, I'm fantastic!" James called out, surprisingly enthusiastic,

"Reminds me of that time in basic where the Chief booby trapped the playground," 034 said as he stood up again, not a single scratch on his armour that wasn't already there.

Just as the Reaper was about to fire again several Turian fighters flew overhead and started to distract the Reaper, their light weapons doing little to no damage but they kept it busy as Shepard, her two friends and their new giant acquaintance made a mad run at the

Destroyer, stopping only to take out the odd reaper Brute that got too close for comfort.

"Garrus, you take three four and get the other hammer, me and James will hit the first target," she yelled as they ran directly beneath the six hundred meter tall sentient warship that was dropping Brutes on them left and right.

"Got it!" the Turian sharpshooter replied, the Petty Officer followed him closely, but far enough away to show he didn't trust the alien.

XX

****Location- 'Tuchanka'****

****Date-Unknown****

Sam followed the alien through a heap of large synthetic monsters, the alien, Garrus, was a pretty good shot with his rifle, although at close quarters he had switched to an assault rifle of some description, a large monster thing, a Brute Shepard had called it, tried to take a swing at Garrus, Sam had a feeling that the Commander would not appreciate one of her friends being hurt or possibly killed. Sam grabbed the claw of the Brute just as Garrus turned to see it, the Brute was strong, incredibly so, but Sam was stronger and pushed the monster away, primed an M9 grenade and punched the large synthetic in its chest, lodging the grenade in its chest he quickly pushed it back again and jumped away. The brute roared defiantly before the grenade exploded, leaving nothing but small bits of armour that rained down upon the duo.

"Uhh... thanks," Garrus said as he backed away slightly, they headed towards the second hammer only to see the activation switch was some sort of box,

"_Garrus, how's it going? You done it yet?" _Shepard asked over the radio, although Sam couldn't hear her through his own he did hear it from Garrus' headset.

"We're on it Shepard," Garrus replied as he activated the odd box switch, a large hammer crashed down on the ground, the force of the hammer striking the ground caused a minor tremor, seconds later another hammer hit the ground, adding to the effect. The tremors grew more and more powerful as the Reaper stomped about and the hammers kept striking the ground. Off in the distance Sam saw what looked like a giant worm heading towards them,

"We've got something coming in!" Sam warned, Garrus looked at where he was pointing,

"That's Kalros!" he said, "Shepard, Kalros is on her way and she looks angry," he said into the radio, Shepard ordered everyone back to the trucks, wherever the trucks were. He followed Garrus to the trucks and saw a large six wheeled truck surrounded by more aliens, these ones were large toad like creatures with humps on their backs, their faces reminded Sam of the bats found in the caves on Reach.

The Lieutenant arrived just seconds after him and Garrus, Shepard

nowhere in sight, "Wrex, where's Mordin?" Garrus asked as he trotted up to the largest alien in the group, Sam took note of the red crust on its head, blood red eyes and three massive scars running down his face.

"The Salarian went to the shroud facility, Eve's okay as well," it replied, its deep voice leading Sam to believe it was a 'he'.

"Who's the big guy?" Wrex asked, eying Sam up, studying him with a trained eye, "just someone the Commander picked up on the way," Garrus replied as they all piled up in the massive truck. Sam was confused at their behaviour but said nothing.

Once they reached a safe distance they all piled out again, Sam watched with amazement as the giant worm from earlier erupted from the ground and took out the Reaper, it was a sight to behold. Shortly after Sam saw a small dot moving up the tower they had been running towards, he guessed it was an elevator. He had been doing a lot of guessing lately.

Barely seconds after the elevator reached the top of the tower, the upper most floors exploded, whoever was in there was almost certainly dead. He watched as an orange mist started to pour out of the tower, it spread far and wide, depositing some sort of molecule around the globe. He kept his distance from everyone as they went to pick up Shepard, Wrex and Garrus were talking to Shepard, although he stood away from everyone he could still hear their conversation. Once they were done Shepard walked right up to him and placed her index finger in his chest and looked straight up at his faceplate,

"When we get aboard the_ Normandy_ me and you are going to have a nice little chat, understood?" she said, her tone left no room for argument, although he didn't have to, he agreed simply out of the need of information.

3. Chapter 3

****Guess what? UPDATE! FOR THIS OLD THING AS WELL!****

* * *

><p>Unknown Star System, Date Unknown

Sam waited by the shuttle for Shepard to get back. The shuttle itself was not a model or design Sam recognised and he knew of every type of ship and vessel in use with the Navy and Insurrectionist forces, even the hundred year old ships and transports commonly raided from the scrapyards. The box shaped shuttle was like nothing he'd seen before. Then again, the only thing familiar to him was his own equipment; the aliens, at least three species, didn't want to kill him and weren't like the small bird like ones on the Covenant ship.

Garrus, the scarred, bird alien he'd fought with stood with him at the shuttle, nervously fidgeting with his rifle. Sam wasn't exactly sure what was happening, Shepard had gone to oversee the cure to the Genophage with the large alien called Wrex. As they waited they could see the massive shroud tower rippling with explosions, his keen eyesight allowed him to see the small elevator car ride up the side, whether or not it had someone in it he couldn't tell. Moments after

it reached the top of the tower, it exploded killing anyone inside, there was a collective gasp, hushed murmurs and growls before the tower spewed forth an ash like substance that spread throughout the atmosphere, dispersing itself across the planet. Moments later, as the large crowd of Krogan cheered at the curing of the longstanding disease that had plagued them for a millennia, Shepard re-joined them with Wrex in tow. Sam couldn't read the aliens facial expressions but Shepard's were as clear as day, there were hints of grief, anger and a haunted look in her green eyes. The small fast talking alien was missing. The female Krogan was well enough and gave a passionate speech about sacrifice and vowed to make sure the gift Mordin, the dead alien, and Shepard had given them wasn't squandered by the many Krogan clans.

The shuttle ride, while bumpy was significantly smoother than a ride in a pelican, was made for the most part in silence. The Shepard and her two friends conversed quietly about Sam, unaware that he could hear them.

"What do you think Garrus?" Shepard asked quietly. He shrugged his shoulders, unsure of exactly what to say.

"I don't know, Shepard. He's good in a fight but he hasn't said much at all. Just stands there. Strong too, can arm wrestle a Brute and win." James let out a low whistle of appreciation, the young lieutenant might not trust the Spartan but he could appreciate his physical prowess. Even Shepard raised an eyebrow at the comment.

"What about his armour and weapon? Any insight there?" She asked.

"The armours is tough, barely got scratched. The weapon is old fashioned, conical bullets. Effective, if somewhat primitive."

"It's a MA2B assault rifle. Powerful, accurate, deadly. Balanced to, good for close quarters work. Also very reliable, unlikely to jam or misfire. As for the armour, that's classified." Sam interrupted.

They turned to face him, surprised he heard them and surprised he spoke up.

"Where are you from, 34? And speaking of which, what type of name is thirty four?" Shepard asked, leaning against the bulkhead and crossing her arms. Her eyes drifted from his golden visor down to the charred and melted section of his chest plate where carbonised flesh was exposed. It was a nasty looking wound.

"Classified and it's _my _name. That's all you're getting." While Reach was by no means classified, after all it was home to hundreds of millions of people, Sam didn't trust these people, not yet. Not until he got back.

Shepard let out an annoyed huff, unfolded her arms and walked up to him, staring up at the mirrored visor.

"Listen, I appreciate the help down on Tuchunka but if you want me to help you I need you to cooperate, understood?"

"I understand, yes. But I can't tell you what's classified." Sam retorted.

"When we get aboard the _Normandy_ get yourself checked out by doctor Chakwas and get ready to talk to Admiral Hackett, he'll want to talk to you personally."

Sam was at an impasse, he didn't trust these people, they could very well be Insurrectionists, unwilling to even attempt to go near Earth. But then again the evidence seemed to show otherwise, they didn't act like normal Insurrectionists and they weren't familiar with his rifle, a common weapon in the Outer Colonies. But then again they'd referred to it as primitive. Maybe they encountered the aliens who considered the weapons primitive but that wouldn't explain everything.

He would cooperate with them for now, until he learned more about them and the people he was surrounded by. He might be able to glean more from the so called Admiral, maybe find a way back to the UNSC. Until then he would have to play nice, cooperate with Shepard and help her. Not exactly something he wanted to do. He had to get back to the UNSC, help them against the Covenant. What little he knew about the Covenant made it clear that all of humanity, was at risk. Millions of lives had already been lost and more would follow.

The _Normandy_ was a beautiful ship, small and sleek, like no design Sam had ever seen before. When he learned that it was meant to be a frigate he suppressed a laugh, it was half the size of the smallest UNSC frigate, although it was probably more manoeuvrable. Inside it was cramped, crates took over half the hanger bay and a weapons station was located in front of the doors to the rest of the ship.

Shepard escorted him through the doors, up an elevator and to the medical bay- a small room located in the heart of the ship, near other vital areas like the crew quarters and main weapons battery.

Inside was a half dozen beds and a single woman with short, greying hair who looked up at the young Spartan, saw his injury and almost immediately got to work.

"My, my," the doctor said quietly to herself as she studied the wound to his chest. "That's quite the burn. I'll need you to remove your armour to get a good look at you." Chakwas said. She activated her Omni-tool, typed something into it and then looked at him.

"Well, if you're waiting for some privacy I'm afraid of you'll be disappointed." The doctor said, a slight hint of humour in her voice. Shepard just crossed her arms expectantly.

"That could be a problem," Sam said with a slight shrug. Shepard narrowed her eyes dangerously.

"Why?" She demanded.

"It's not that I don't want to," he said, raising his hands defensively. It was almost comical to see the massive super soldier use such a gesture, but body language was just as important in conversations like this. He knew how to be human when it suited him,

when he needed to be- which wasn't very often. Most of the time the Spartans were just faceless soldiers that went in, killed the Insurrectionists and left but they were trained in every kind of warfare. Espionage and blending in just wasn't Sam's strongpoint but that didn't mean he didn't know how to talk to another human. "I just don't know how. I got given the armour just hours before I ended up here and it took a dozen technicians and equipment I haven't seen before to put this on, so good luck getting it off." Sam said.

Shepard started to say something in disbelief and anger but stopped. Rubbing the bridge of her nose the commander closed her eyes for a second. It was a moment of weakness, allowing Sam to see that Shepard, despite appearing as an unfaltering commander, was exhausted and starting to fray at the edges. It lasted only a moment, a less perceptive person would have missed it, but it was there nonetheless.

"EDI," Shepard barked out a second later. "Have Cortez and Garrus come to the med-bay."

"Understood, Shepard." The mathematically cold voice came through a speaker hidden in the ceiling. Sam guessed that 'EDI' was an AI, and if so, that meant he had to make sure that Shepard, no matter how helpful she'd been so far, and her team didn't gain access to the inner workings of his Mjolnir armour. The problem was he didn't exactly know much about the armour himself, making it harder to guard sensitive information about it being gathered.

It took them over an hour, nearly two, to study the joints and locks in place that kept the armour attached to him, fabricate the incredibly specialised tools necessary to disengage the clamps and locks and even they'd had to be careful, not wanting to damage the armour or the wearer. Sam was nervous, not that he'd admit it, but he felt serious unease about letting these people and alien, take off his armour. Unfortunately now his mission was to return to UNSC space, warn them of what he'd seen, the new aliens and alienated humans, as well as the Reapers. It was possible that by the time he got back to UNSC space they could have already discovered the Reapers, the supposedly sentient star ships hell bent on killing all organic life. More importantly he had to get back to the UNSC to help fight the Covenant whose sole purpose was, currently, to wipe out all humans. He was trained to prevent that. He was going to do his damned best to prevent that.

Just after the timer past the two hour mark his chest plate fell to the deck with a thick, heavy _thump_, revealing the deep cauterised wound to his chest that, despite being several hours old now, still hurt. He may have been resistant to pain a great deal more than the average human, something he had Chief Mendez and Tango Company to thank for, but the burnt and mangled flesh was excruciatingly painful. The wound was the size of his fist and was deep enough it exposed part of his carbide-ceramic composite bones. While technically the composite covered very little of the bones themselves it was noticeable, a slightly tinged gleam was visible inside the burnt flesh.

As per Shepard's order, after Sam consented, they worked on his helmet next. After all, what good would it do, surviving the past day to die because he couldn't get the helmet off to eat or drink? He

couldn't stop Shepard's crew from studying the armour then, could he? All the while the moment the chest plate hit the deck Chakwas had been trying her best to clean and sterilise the wound. Medi-gel was good, so good that, even though it was technically illegal in council space it was found nearly everywhere in the galaxy because of its anti-septic, clotting and wound-sealing capabilities made it too valuable to ban. But it was no good here. She would need to perform several skin grafts and surgeries before he was even close to being fit for combat. In fact most men would have died from the wound or been left on the ground in agony depending on the quality of the armour they wore yet here the man was, stood tall, unflinching as she cleaned the wound.

When the helmet came off in a whirl of releasing clamps and hiss as the air tight seal was released, Chakwas looked up, watched as Sam reached up and hefted the helmet up and off his head. What she saw nearly gave Chakwas a heart attack and judging by the near silent gasps from Shepard and curse from Cortez she guessed she wasn't just imagining it.

"How- how old are you?" Shepard asked, her usually confidence filled voice, capable of halting a charging Krogan and inspiring the people that served under her, was barely a whisper.

The young boy, as that was exactly what Sam was, a boy, shrugged his massive shoulders, indifferent. Chakwas took in his tanned complexion, sandy blonde hair, a rare natural feature in this day and age, and his sharp, green eyes that seemed to take in everything at once. Despite his obvious youth he was a hardened killer. That much was clear.

"Classified." He said. Chakwas could feel Shepard begin to shake with rage, not specifically aimed at the Spartan, but the people who had done this to a boy. A boy that could take on a Reaper Brute one on one and win. A boy that had saved Garrus' life on the Krogan home world. Chakwas and Shepard shared a look before Shepard left, her fists clenched, jaw locked. Garrus followed behind quickly. Cortez said nothing as he gathered his tools and left, as past the Spartan on his way out the door Sam noticed a look in the man's eyes. Sorrow, regret, and sadness for something he couldn't change.

"Was it something I said?" Sam half-joked after he was left alone with the doctor.

"Let the commander settle down a bit, she's had a difficult weeks recently. She just needs some rest and when she's gotten it she'll come back and speak to you. In the meantime let me finish cleaning the hole in your chest." Chakwas said in a voice used by doctors. The bedside manner voice. In a way Sam was reminded of Doctor Halsey, only slightly older and not as methodical.

"Right," Sam said, somewhat surprised by the comment. It revealed a weakness he could exploit if needed. He sat down on one of the beds nearby, it didn't even creak as he put his weight on it, before easing himself down until he was lying as comfortably as he could but where he could see the pieces of armour discarded on the ground. He waved at his burnt chest. "Fix me doc', don't knock me out though because, no offence, I don't trust you people with my stuff yet."

"I'll do my best but it'll be difficult to patch you up fully with you awake. And none taken but if there's one person in this galaxy you can trust, it's Shepard." Chakwas said, getting to work.

End
file.